

Overland Kit Rivalled! SILVER SAM, Or, the Mystery of Deadwood City, Will commence next week.

NEW YORK Saturday Journal A HOME WEEKLY

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THE SWORD DRAWN
BY JAMES HUNTERFORD.

We have drawn the sword in the cause of right,
And the scabbard aside have laid;
We invoke the truth of heaven to light
Each blow of the trenchant blade.
May our hearts be brave and our arms be strong,
In the glorious war to win,
To crush forever the power of wrong
And scatter the hosts of sin.

There are sights it is like despair to see—
How evil grows proud and strong;
How the base and fierce from misery
The means which man has for wrong;
That the feeble good lift pleading hands,
Whene'er sin's head appears;

And pity a lifeless statue stands,
Whilst weeping but stony tears.

The pulse of the world for Mannion beats—
Not in right, but in wrong they trust;
For vice is filling the loftiest seats,
And virtue is crouched in dust.
The home of man is in the faint space—
They ask "Is heaven sure?"

When they see, in the race for power and place,
The wife surpass the pure.

But truth and honor still survive,
For theirs is a heavenly birth;
And the cause of justice yet shall thrive
In all the lands of earth.

In principle these all wrong surmount

As hereon each appears;

For a noble deed makes a day to count

As a hundred common years.

And the cause in which our souls are blest

Will still now life impart,

Appealing to all that is noblest and best

In every human heart.

And, while its flight each cycle wings,

Togethers the brave will thron;

Till right, or, even the worldliest things,

Shall mightier prove than wrong.

Though death shall thin our gallant band—

His tribute we all must give—

Now heroes ever will take their stand—

The glorious cause shall live.

And the sword we have drawn, with a deathless

will.

Shall still from the sheath be free,

Till goodness and truth the earth shall fill,

As the waters fill the sea.

Winning Ways:

KITTY ATHERTON'S HEART.

BY MARGARET BLOUNT.

CHAPTER VII.

GOING WITH THE STREAM.

"But when I saw that gentle eye,
Oh! something seemed to tell me then,
That I was yet too young to die,
And hope and bliss might bloom again!

"With every beamy smile that cross'd
Your kindling cheek, you lighted home
Some feeling which my heart had lost,
And peace which long had learned to roam."

—MOORE.

POOR Kitty waited that evening by the Forest road, in vain—no Mr. Oliver came in sight. Only the squirrels chattered, and the cattle lowed, and the small birds sung and called to each other from tree to tree. Restless and unhappy, she tried once more toward her home, and coming out into the high road, paused beside the very still agent whose William Hill leaned while bidding his last silent good-by. Did any hovering spirit—any subtle influence in the air reveal the fact to her? I think not. She glanced down at the initials, "W. H. K. A.", cut in the mossy wood, and framed in a true lover's knot. She sighed as she saw them; it is true, but she little dreamed whose tears had moistened them only twelve hours before, as she took the old familiar seat and gazed anxiously down toward her present world, the "Bell" in Brook.

"Why don't he come?" the sick little heart was saying over and over again. "Oh, if I only knew how much I want to see him! I feel so sad—every one has been so unkind all day—and it is all so wretched. Yet if he would but come by for an instant and give me a kind word, or a pleasant smile, how different it would all be! I wonder what he is doing. Reading, perhaps, or writing in that new book of his. How beautiful those parts were that he read to me, the other evening! How nice it must be to be able to write such things! Oh, me! I wish I was clever; and then, perhaps, he would like me a little better than he does now. But I'm not am only a simple, ignorant little thing, scarcely fit to be his servant; and yet here I sit, expecting him to come to me, as if I was a born lady, and his equal, like Miss Marchmont. She is his equal; she is rich; she is clever; and I dare say poor William was right when he said that she was fond of him. Who would not be? He is so handsome, so kind, so good; just like the people one reads of in novels. And yet not too proud to speak to a little girl like me, not too proud to call me 'dear Kitty,' to hold my hand—to. Oh, why did he do it, if he did not care enough for me to meet me here to-night?"

She burst into a fit of passionate tears, laying her head down upon those rudely-carved letters, but not as William had done. She did not kiss them over and over again. At that moment she had quite forgotten that they were there.

And so the twilight faded, and the first stars came twinkling out in the deep-blue sky, and Kitty went sadly home. How softly the moon rose from behind the hills, how calmly she floated up through the Milky Way! How little she cared if tearful or smiling eyes were watching her stately progress all the while. Surely this sublime indifference of Nature to our bitterest woes is one of the things that makes them even bitter still.

A week passed by. A sad little note, post-marked Liverpool, and written on board an American liner, gave to Kitty poor William's last good wishes and farewell; but still Mr. Oliver made no sign. She knew that he had left the village; but news travels but slowly in the Forest, and not till the next market-day did she hear more. Then some neighboring farmer,



"Humph!" he said, at last. "I suppose I see it all. What may your errand be here, Mr. Oliver?"

dropping at nightfall to talk with her father about the price of corn and the rising value of pigs, geese, and turkeys, let out, as if by accident, the fact of his having seen the "Lon'lon gentleman" at Lyndhurst the day before, riding with one of the daughters of the lord of the manor, out toward the Forest, to see the hounds throw off.

There was a short silence after the communication; then the two men went on talking, and Kitty, watching her chance, wrapped herself in her gray mantle, stole silently out at the cottage-door, and went down the garden-path alone. Coming to her favorite meadow stile, she sat down upon it, hid her face in her hands, and tried to collect her scattered senses after the sudden blow she had received.

Mr. Oliver, then, was not in London! Urgent business had not called him back to town, as she had fondly hoped. He was at Lyndhurst, only a few miles away, and yet for a week he had neither seen nor written to her. He had gone without bidding her good-by; he might, possibly, have no intention of meeting her again, while they two should live. And life-life was so long! What would it be to her without his smile, his love, to make it pleasant? It was a dreary look-out for Kitty, in the first flush of her opening existence.

I know as well as you, dear reader, that she was quite in the wrong. She ought not to have given her heart unmasked; and least of all ought to have given it to a man whose station was so far above her own, and to a woman whose love was by no means so sacred a thing as it should have been. She should have been constant to the young farmer, who was worth a hundred Francis Olivers, had she but known it!

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"What can I think but one thing—that Kitty was very glad to see me," was his kind reply. "Two things I ought to say; for I was equally glad to see Kitty. Have you thought of me, little one, as often as I have thought of you during this weary week?"

"I have thought of you every day and all day long," was her simple reply. "But I was afraid you had forgotten me. That was why I cried."

"She would suit you far better than I." He bit his lip, but answered gayly:

"I hope you don't mean for a moment to com—" I suppose I see it all. What may your errand be here, Mr. Oliver?"

during those days of absence, that he ought to look upon Kitty merely as a pleasant little friend, and tell her so, all such ideas and scruples vanished the instant he saw that lovely face beaming brightly through its tears. How it happened, he could not have told, but he held her the next instant in his arms—was kissing her lips, her cheeks, her hair, and calling her by a thousand pet names, as she sobbed upon his breast. After that, there was no retreating.

Acting on the impulse of the moment, he had plunged headlong into the stream. Now he had only to let the rapid current bear him where it would. There was a sort of desperate pleasure in the thought that he was no longer a free agent—not longer able individually to control with honor the movements of his future life.

Kitty, blushing like a rose, freed herself at last from his embrace, without daring to look up at him.

"Oh, Mr. Oliver, what must you think of me?" she murmured.

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little dairy village which a queen of France once amused herself with building—the village where she and her maids of honor tripped about in little wooden clogs, and made butter, and gave the king and his courtiers draughts of milk from real wooden pails. Miss Marchmont laughed at the picture at first, it is true; but it seemed to haunt her; and since she could not have a whole village to herself, she determined to have a house. Not an elegant country residence, but one which would be favoured by *enfants*, might be seen and wear away an hour or two, and grieve over Nature's calmest beauties—as a certain duke at Twickenham once grieved over the unreasonable Thames, which "will keep running and running forever, and I so weary of it!" No—her fashionable friends might visit her at March Hill as often as they liked; but into her new home they should never intrude. It should be at a very short distance from town, so that she might go to and fro as she liked. It should be perfectly rural; it should have a little garden—a little round "vine and fig tree," a stable for her horse, a kennel for her dogs, a study for herself, and it should be called "The Growlery."

She set out on her travel on Sunday afternoon, and at dusk, having six miles from London, found the very thing she sought—a little two-story, square-fronted brick cottage, not more than five minutes' walk from the station, standing in its own grounds, and secured from the gaze of curious pedestrians by high walls that inclosed the whole place. The rooms were small, but light and convenient; they were furnished nicely, and the place could be taken at once, if she liked. Miss Marchmont was always prompt in her movements. She went through the house, examined the furniture, looked over the stable, walked up and down the stairs twice, or twice, and then went straight to the agent's office, where she signed an agreement which gave her the sole use and enjoyment of the premises for one year. The next afternoon she came again with a quantity of baggage, her housekeeper, and one or two old servants; and by the end of the week, "The Growlery" was in full occupation, and she as contented in her little rooms as if she had lived there all her life.

One of her London acquaintances possessed the clue to her retreat. Each evening found her at ball, theater, or opera, as usual; but the long and pleasant days were spent in her suburban home—spent in writing, in reading, in country walks, or rides with her husband, "Perry," and her Newfoundland, "Fred." The health-giver, the perfect rest and quiet, and sweet, fresh air did her a world of good. She dropped all her burdens when the gate of "The Growlery" closed upon her, and only resumed them when she left her home once more. Even the old wound was well-nigh healed (at least she fancied so), and she ceased to busy herself with conjectures as to the movements of Francis Oliver, and tried her best to put away those harsh and bitter thoughts of him which had made her whole life, in one sense, an utter blank. He had not treated her kindly—no master she could forgive her now! Years ago, when they first met, he had paid her much attention, had seemed eager to love her, had drawn back suddenly, and left her without the slightest explanation. She had borne it in silence. What woman likes to talk of slightsl endured of affection given only to be betrayed? What pity has the world for misfortunes like these!

Miss Marchmont had been wise enough to hold her tongue, and drink the bitter draught held to her lips with due outward propriety. How the pierced heart raged and bled beneath that veil of decorum calm, it is not for me to say; suffice it, that the struggle was over, and no one except God and herself knew that it had been. And notwithstanding the gentle influences of her change of life, the stirrings and searchings of the old wound grew fainter, and seemed at last to die entirely away.

She sat before the piano one Sabbath morning, looking out into the garden as she played a hymn, in a minor key—a melancholy, swelling strain, and yet she loved it. It was a master-hand that touched the instrument, and it gave forth its sweetest melody, as if in thanks. By-and-by, all

Her Newfoundland came up the garden path, and stood outside the parlor window, looking at his mistress with wagging tail and half-laughsing, open mouth. She did not refuse the mute invitation to a walk, but went down the steps, and allowed him to escort her across the lawn and back again. The dog turned off at last, and went sniffing and spying about the hedge that divided her grounds from those of her neighbor. Presently he uttered a low growl. Miss Marchmont went to see what had displeased him, and caught his eye, and knew that they were going to church; for the last bell had already begun to ring.

She stood listening for a moment till the faint echo of their steps and voices had died away; then sunk down upon a little garden seat, clasped her hands around the neck of the dog, who was looking up in her face and whining, and laid her aching head on his.

She needed to think—she needed a moment's rest. For she had looked once more on Francis Oliver's face, and it need not words to tell her that it was his bride who leaned upon his arm!

CHAPTER IX.

A WOMAN'S TACT.

"Oh, there's nothing left me now
But to mourn the past!
Valin was ever a ardent lover—
Now he yet did her allow
Love was warm, so wild, to last,
Not even hope could now deceive me,
Life itself looks dark and cold;
Oh, thou never more canst give me
One dear smile like those of old!"

So much for battles fought—for fancied victories won! At the first unexpected sight of the man she had once loved, this woman philosopher threw down lance and shield, and owned herself vanquished. Had she met him in any other way, her weakness would not have been so plainly manifested to herself. To have seen him in those gay social circles, to which they both of right belonged, would have been as nothing. There no one would have had a greater claim upon him—no one could have boasted a closer intimacy with him herself. But this vision of his hidden happiness—this glimpse of his domestic peace, wounded her cruelly. The sight of that gentle, pretty girl, who had a right to lean upon his shoulder, and to look up fondly into his face, was bitter for a time. * * * * *

The church-bells ceased to ring. She dashed the tears from her eyes impatiently. It seemed to her a childish thing to sit and weep over what was past recalling. She had no patience with the weakness which she could not at that instant conquer.

It was the old story—the old railway verdict of "Nobody to blame." There had been no positive word of love spoken, no real engagement made. They had separated in America, and when they met once more in England, the lady was too proud to encourage a hesitating lover, the gentleman too shy to make a frank avowal, the belle, an ingrateful, unsuccessful authoress, whose he had seemed to slight and forget the timid girl of whom they were fond. They met often in society, but only as "people in society" meet. Each thought of the other, cared for the other more than they would have dared to own, but still the ice was unbroken—still the cordial word withheld. Never had

they come so near the old familiar days as when they shook hands beneath the New Forest oaks. It was possible, then, to revive the long-buried love, and to renew the broken dream. Had fate been kinder, how much of pain, of weariness of restless, disatisfied longings might have been spared those two long-separated hearts! A word, a look, would have told them all in time; but the hour went by, and all was lost!

The morning passed away, and footsteps and voices in the road beyond the garden walls showed that people were returning from church. Miss Marchmont rose from her seat and padded her dress. "Well, Master Frederick," she said, half jestingly, half bitterly. "Accidents will happen in the best regulated families, and if we chance to get our fingers pinched as the world goes round, it's little use crying out. What is to be, must be! 'Tis a broken life, in good truth, my Fred, and we must even pick up the pieces, and patch them together as best we can."

She went into the house. Her early dinner was just ready; she sat down and ate far too heartily for a heroine. Then, ordering the carriage, she drove back to her house in town. She went to the agent's office, where she signed an agreement which gave her the sole use and enjoyment of the premises for one year. The next afternoon she pushed aside her desk and papers soon after tea, yawned, and muttering that she did not see any need of making a Carmelite nun of herself, even if Mr. Oliver was married, went up-stairs to dress. Presently she came down, looking her very best, ordered the carriage, and was driven to Madame G.—'s, where the usual Wednesday *souper*, for birds of Miss Marchmont's feather, was held. The rooms were sumptuous, but light and convenient; they were furnished nicely, and the place could be taken at once, if she liked. Miss Marchmont wrote very steadily in her London home. 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companion gave new confidence to his young soul. He waited with the patience of an old frontiersman.

Minute followed minute. Faint sounds could be heard in the wood as if persons or animals were moving through it. The savages who had ridden out to the plain had disappeared from sight. How many of them had taken to the shelter of the trees could not be told.

The moon was momentarily rising higher, and its clear luster penetrating the open arches of the woodland. The strip of timber was but narrow, and the moonlight easily found avenue through it from the east.

Pete felt something rubbing against his legs, and looked down in startled surprise.

His eyes caught the small form of Nicodemus, whom, for some time, he had lost sight of.

The dog ran out toward the center of the woods, and then returned to him, as if asking him to follow.

Ere Pete could imagine what this movement meant, new reports of rifles were heard. Shots from two different directions passed them. They were surrounded by their foes.

"Skin me, Pete, but this looks squally," whispered Bill. "Stoop, lad, and look for the glitter of an eye."

Shot after shot hurtled past them. The foe was evidently working nearer. There seemed to be at least a dozen of the savages. No answer was returned to the Indian fire.

Suddenly the scout raised his weapon. The clear voice of the rifle cracked through the woods. The sound of a falling body was heard.

"Clean through the eye," said Bill, as he proceeded hastily to reload. "That's one of the devils gone under. But this is getting hot, boy, and I'm growing afraid for the gal and our hoses. Let's make back into the woods a bit."

With a half-creeping, half-gliding motion, they slipped back from tree to tree, avoiding noise and exposure to the moonlight as much as possible.

Nicodemus seemed overjoyed by this movement, and ran gladly before them, giving vent to an incipient bark, which was nipped in the bud by a sharp tap from Pete's hand.

The shots of the savages continued at intervals, but they had evidently not discovered this new movement, and were firing at the old position of their foes. Their object seemed to be to distract and confuse them.

"Here's the hoses, Pete," whispered the scout.

"There's only one hose!" answered Pete, springing forward, with little regard to caution. "And the gal's gone! Minnie's gone! Do you know what's up, Nick?" he asked the excited dog.

The intelligent animal replied by running toward the eastern border of the wood. Pete followed, with leveled rifle.

At the same moment a loud uproar was heard in the plain to the west. Shouts, rifle-shots, and the noise of a throng of flying horses, broke on the still night air.

CHAPTER XIX.

A BRAVE BOY'S FEAT.

THE scout, leaving his young companion to proceed alone, listened eagerly to the sounds from the open plain. These were not Indian yell he heard, but the ringing cheers of white men.

There was a rushing sound, as if a throng of horsemen was driving past at utmost speed. Incessant reports of rifles and revolvers rent the air. The triumphant shouts proclaimed victory for the whites.

"Lay on, lad! Lay on!" cried a loud voice, audible above all the noise. "Give it to them! Don't let a hoot or a scalp-lock escape! Bury the lead in their bloody hides!"

The emigrants had evidently driven off their foes, and a mounted party was fiercely pursuing them.

Bill Grubb, with an answering shout, rushed back to the edge of the wood. Out upon the plain he could see the foe in full flight, followed by a dozen of the whites, who loaded and fired as they rode.

Every shot from those trained borderers killed or wounded its man. The Indians fled as if possessed with a panic.

Those who had been beseeching himself and Pete in the wood had taken the alarm, and were now riding rapidly in the shadow of the trees, several of them just opposite his position.

A shot from the scout's rifle emptied the saddle of the hindmost of these.

With a loud shout of triumph he sprung for the bewildered horse, which had stopped by the body of its slain rider.

In an instant he was mounted, and urging the animal on with hand and heel, loading his side as he rode like a whirlwind in the wake of the flying savages.

"File it into them!" he shouted to his friends at a distance. "The tarmal, copper-colored prairie rats! give them no quarter. Shoot them like you would wolves or grizzlies!"

The pursuing whites answered the voice of this unknown but welcome ally with redoubled cheers. The pursuit continued at a furious pace over the plain, the ponies of the Indians gradually gaining upon the heavy-limbed draft horses of their antagonists.

All thought of his young companion had vanished from the scout's mind in the excitement of the chase. More than one savage bit the dust, from his unerring rifle, as he continued to load and fire.

He had all the skill of an Indian in this difficult performance.

Mounted on one of the swiftest of the Indian ponies, he had drawn ahead of the other pursuers, and was riding almost alone, in the rear of the savages.

"Halt!" was the cry that broke from the midst of the emigrant party. "They're out of our reach. If we follow too far they may gain heart and double on us. Best scud back to the wagons."

Bill heard this recall, but he rammed his bullet home, and drew a bead on another of the fugitives before turning.

"Don't be afraid of them!" he cried, as he wheeled his horse around and rode for the halted party. "They won't draw rein for the next five miles. They're worse skeered than a pack of antelopes. Blame their ugly picters, they've got a settler."

He rode up to the small troop, who were halted in the clear moonlight, looking toward him with curious interest.

"Tom Wilson among you?" he asked, as he rode up.

"Yes," answered a stalwart man, riding out to meet him. "I'm that critter. Close up, and let's see your phiz. Ought to know that voice."

"Guess you know me, Tom," said the scout, riding up with outstretched hand.

"Bill Grubb, or I'm catamount!" roared Tom, grasping the hand of the scout with a clutch that would have broken the bones of de-

icate fingers. "What the thunder brings you here in the nick of time? You're always turning up just when you're wanted, Bill."

"Bet I am," said Bill, releasing his hand. "Know it's Tom Wilson now, if I didn't before. It's only one man that's got them east-iron fingers."

"This is Bill Grubb, gentlemen," said Tom. "He's boss. Guess you've heard of him if you ever set foot on the plains afore. Where away, old crony?"

"I'm at home now, Tom. I was after you fellows."

"Not on foot, I reckon! That's an Injin critter you've got there."

"No. Left my horse in the timber. And a sharp little monkey of a boy with him. By Jehosaphat, I forgot all about Pete. Had one of your train youngsters in tow. A little gal called Minnie Ellis."

"Minnie Ellis?" said Tom, in wonder.

"Yes. We left her with the horses. Spectre of the copper devils snatched her. Maybe they've gobble the plucky little rascal too. This way, Tom; we must see what's goin' on."

"Minnie Ellis is in a wagon in the train," said a young man, riding forward.

"It was her cousin, William Denton."

"The blazes she is!" said Bill, looking keenly in his face. "Then my eyes ain't worth shucks, for I seed her not twenty minutes ago."

"You must be mistaken," said another person, a tall, heavily-bearded man. "I saw the child while the fight was going on. She was peering out of the wagon, and I warned her to keep inside."

"And I tell you then that there's some confounded deviltry at work in your camp. Some rascal cut through the Injin lines with her, and dropped her on the edge of the timber. He'd gone under only for Pete and me."

"I saw the fellow break through, and felt like dropping a bullet after him. Had something in his arms, but I did not see what."

This was spoken by a person further back in the throng.

"Blasted queer!" growled Tom Wilson. "Did you know the chap?"

"No. He shot through like a streak."

"This way, Tom," said Bill, heading his horse for the wood. "The boy's game, but I might want some help."

"Make back for the camp, boys," said Tom. "You might be wanted there." Reckon we'll be on your trail in a whiff."

The two scouts were soon buried in the timber, the crackling of bushes marking their progress.

The others turned and rode back toward the camp.

But we must return to Pete, whom we left just starting in search of Minnie.

Nicodemus still led the way, with his nose to the ground. He seemed tracking some one by scent. Pete had such confidence in the ability of his dog that he felt sure that he was on Minnie's track.

It occurred to him now that he had heard a faint, stifled cry during the fight. In his excitement at the time he had not realized its significance. Now a sickening fear came upon him as he seemed to see Minnie in the arms of a fierce savage, perhaps already slain.

He sprang forward, with redoubled speed, trailing his rifle as he ran, while Nicodemus still led the way.

"Seek her, Nick, seek her, my old friend," cried Pete. "It's Minnie, old failer. It's the little gal we fetched from Kurnel Green. Ain't goin' to let no Injun gobble her up, Nick. Not if you and me knows it. Hey, old dog! Make your trotters twinkle, Nicodemus. I like you, dog, blowed if I don't. But I like that gal better."

There was no jocularity in Pete's voice, but hard, dry earnest, as he thus urged on the dog. He had not felt before the full strength of his attraction to the girl. From original dislike it had grown into almost worship.

He was not a minute in crossing the almost dry bed of the stream, and reaching the further edge of the timber.

The dog's trained senses were no longer deceived. There, at no great distance in the moonlit plain, was the horse he had himself ridden, its saddle now occupied by an Indian warrior. Minnie was not visible, but what seemed the skirt of a child's dress showed by the side of the warrior.

A faint cry came like the blast of a trumpet from Pete's ears. He knew those accents well, and rushed across the plain with a speed that had often excited the envy of the boys of Toledo.

The worn-out horse which the Indian rode was not able to distance this rapid speed of his pursuer.

Nicodemus had shot like a comet across the plain, and was already in front of the horse, barking loudly, and distracting the movements of the animal.

The Indian fixed an arrow to the string of his bow, and shot at the leaping dog. But Nicodemus only darted and barked the more fiercely after this murderous assault.

"Hold up there, you blasted red-skinned, white-livered Injun!" cried Pete, in emulation of the scout's epithets. "Drop that gal, or I'll bor' you like a gimlet-hole through a pine knap-sack. Drop her, you thunderin' baby-stealer, if you know when you're well off!"

The savage replied with a gesture of derision, and swung the child behind him on the saddle, using her as a shield.

Pete had several times raised his rifle, and lowered it again for fear of wounding Minnie. Now he dared not fire. He ran, however, with undiminished speed, gaining somewhat on the fugitive.

A yell of defiance broke from the lips of the latter. He goaded the horse on with the keen point of an arrow.

Nicodemus, at the same moment, made a more vigorous assault upon the animal. The exhausted steed, confused by these conflicting causes, stumbled and fell sideways to the plain, flinging his rider with a hard shock to the mouth.

Pete had several times raised his rifle, and lowered it again for fear of wounding Minnie. Now he dared not fire. He ran, however, with undiminished speed, gaining somewhat on the fugitive.

"Maybe she can tell you herself," said Bill.

"Can't do it," said Pete. "We've been havin' a little confab about that bizness. She was stole, that's square enough. But she can't put a name to the blamed thief."

"I did not see his face," spoke the musical voice of Minnie. "He did not speak."

"There's a traitor in the camp, sure as shooting," cried Tom. "But we'll rake him up and scorch him. Come, boy, jump on your hoss, and take the gal with you. We must be making back tracks for camp."

Pete needed no second order. He was soon mounted, with Minnie clasping his waist from behind.

The horses were turned and again entered the timber, the scout securing his own horse as they passed through.

The animal Pete rode was too nearly worn out for any rapid movement, and he transferred himself and companion to the scout's horse, which was fresher, leaving his own to follow at its leisure.

The few miles which separated them from the camp were soon passed over, and they drove in behind the entrenchment of wagons, which had so well served the emigrants.

The remainder of the party was already there, and the return of the scouts was hailed with cheers.

There were several women and children in the wagons, by whom the return of Minnie was warmly welcomed. They were disposed to lionize Pete, after the story of the rescue had been told; a feeling which was shared by many of the men.

With a cry of pain the latter turned fiercely round.

That moment was his last. The only two beings Pete loved in the world were in imminent peril. He stopped suddenly in his flight, and stood for a single instant as firm and motionless as a stone statue.

Less than twenty paces separated him from the Indian. Thought was not quicker than his aim. The savage had not fairly turned around. A rifle bullet crashed through his brain. He fell headlong to the ground, a dead man.

"Saved again, Minnie!" cried Pete, joyfully. "That Injun won't go for no gal's hair again, I bet."

The child was in an instant beside her deliverer, her arms clasped round him.

"Oh, Pete!" she cried, lifting her eyes, yet full of terror, to his. "Oh, that was dreadful!

"I must never leave me again, Pete. He would have killed me only for you, dear, good Pete!"

A strong shudder shook her frame, as her arms twined firmly about him.

CHAPTER XX.

A TRAITOR IN THE CAMP.

The fallen horse lost no time in scrambling again to his feet, and stood in a drooping attitude beside the dead body of the red-skin who so lately had ridden him.

Not so Nicodemus. He seemed to fully comprehend and to be overjoyed at the rescue, and frisked about with Pete and Minnie as if asking that he might be allowed to share in their happiness.

"A jolly old dog you are, Nick, I'll say that much for you," said Pete, encouragingly. "Just think, Minnie. The cute old feller trailed you from the woods, and led me straight as a die on the Injin's track. Ain't many dogs like him; and I know what a dog is 'bout as well as the next boy."

"I saw the fellow break through, and felt like dropping a bullet after him. Had something in his arms, but I did not see what."

"You are dear, and you are good, and I like you ever so much," she persisted. "I wouldn't let anybody else run you down, and I won't let you run yourself down. You're a dear, good, old Pete."

"Who was the feller that carried you out of the camp, and what for?" asked Pete, desirous of changing the subject.

"I don't know," she said, with a shudder.

"He dragged me out of the wagon, wrapped me up so that I could not speak, and ran with me in his arms. I did not know where he took me, only that I could hear the Indians yelling and rifle shots all round us. The first I knew was when you picked me up."

"Well, that's queer enough," said Pete, reflectively. "Do you know who he was?"

"No, I did not see his face, he muffled me up so quickly."

"Looks deuced like some gal of tryin' to git out of you ag'in. Wants lookin' into. Lucky Picayune Pete was loafin' about just then. I'm goin' to keep an eye on you till you git to California, and if anybody comes sich a game as that ag'in, sell me out, that's all."

"I don't fear any harm while you are about," said Minnie. "You have been so good to me, and have saved me so often. But is it not dangerous here?"

"Not a bit. They are all to the other side of the timber."

"But I can't bear to look at that dead Indian. He looks horrible with the moonlight on his face. Let us leave this dreadful place. To think that you killed him, too!"

"Couldn't help it, Minnie," said Pete. "It was him or you. Guess you're worth a tribe of sich hounds as that."



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SILVER SAM;

or,
The Mystery of Deadwood City.

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in the intense interest of its remarkable developments, and the mystery surrounding the truly superb character who is the central figure in incident, scene and act of a marvelously-woven drama, the author springs at a bound to the front, as great a master of the pen as he is known to be.

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He evidently writes of what he knows familiarly—presenting in his men and women the very people who make our border and mining life a world's wonder—strange elements in a strange civilization. He gives the reader in

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His "Chip of the Block" Daughter—

The Beautiful Maid, Mercedes—

such characters as compel a strong story to answer to their strong personality; but even these are subordinate to the wonderfully-conceived and ubiquitous

SILVER SAM,

who is here, there, and gone at a flash—outlaw, sport, trail-blazer, friend of the miner, soldier's terror and not-to-be-baffled enemy—a creation so real, lifelike and original as to make him, as it were, a kind of *necessity* in that wild and singular region. Altogether it is

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Sunshine Papers.

One of Our Neighbors.

In town one is not expected to know one's next-door neighbor; but the state of affairs, social and moral, is quite different in the country. Though the two families, living only separated by a thin partition of brick, may not be acquainted with each other's names, the families who live upon respective sides of a picket-fence must not only know each other's given and surnames, but all about each other's past, present and future. If you cannot acquire this store of knowledge, concerning your

immediate neighbors, you do not deserve to live in the country.

Our neighbors are all exceedingly proficient in their social duties, and know more about what each person in their vicinity has done, is doing, and is going to do, than the stupid individuals themselves. But I—with deep penitence I relate it—I am a disgrace to a country village. Philanthropy and humanitarianism (I hope those are the correct terms to employ) are not largely developed in my organization, and I never could arouse myself to a proper interest in my neighbors' affairs and morals. Still, I made a conscientious effort to do my duty, when we took up our abode in Lily-Pond; and satisfied myself that I had done all that was required of me when I had learned that on respective sides of our two picket-fences resided two widows, with several small children. And so we had lived in Lily-Pond many months before my discovery of an unheard-of neighbor.

I sat at a window, not often opened, overlooking one of the rear yards adjoining our own, when my attention was arrested at sight of an elderly woman—a slight stoop to her figure, and her silvery hair drawn smoothly away from her brow, to a small coil at the back of her head. Though the weather was cold she had nothing upon her head, and no wrap about her shoulders, over her neat dark dress a spotless linen handkerchief pinned at her throat. But it was principally the woman's demeanor that caused me to watch her with astonishment. She went to that part of the clothes-line, bearing the week's washing, where hung a small pair of pantaloons, belonging to one of Widow B.'s small boys, and stood there talking, and evidently addressing her conversation to that same inanimate and ragged pair of trowsers. Presently she walked away. Stopping at a fruit-tree she broke off a fair-sized branch, returned to the pantaloons, and proceeded to chastise them severely.

"What can it mean?" I asked myself. And at dinner, that day, my distant relationship to mother Eve betrayed itself; and I asked for a solution of the mystery, and learned this:

The elderly woman, with her silvery hair and stooping form, had once been fair of face and stature, an only daughter of well-to-do country folks, and light of heart with the sunshiny promises of her future. But, when her bridal-day was almost come, and all the fragrant stores of linen and household paraphernalia were in readiness, there came news of the perfidy of the bridegroom-elect. He had broken his vows and was already married to a later love. Ever since, people have said of the woman whose heart he broke, "She's a little out of her head, poor thing!" for still she awaits her lover's coming, often peering anxiously down the road, explaining to any neighbor passing by and stopping to speak a kindly word, "I'm looking for my Henry; I think he must soon be here." And sometimes, when very weary with her waiting and watching, she punishes him, as I had seen her do, imagining that at last he has come. All of her near kin are dead, and the property which should have been equally hers with her brothers, is in the hands of nephews and nieces, who board her at our neighbor's, the widow's.

He was excellent in a sweepstakes race, for he generally swept every stake he possibly could reach.

He had the longest ears that ever stood up without props, and at first glance you were sure to mistake the species.

He took the shortest steps for a long-legged horse that you ever saw, and trotted as hard as a pile-driver.

I used to think that if I could get a pair of crutches for him it would be an improvement in his gait; and I never saw a horse in my life that could go as slow as he did without trying hard.

He was the only horse I ever owned that could go to sleep soundly; as he went along the road he would snore, and it was necessary to wake him up with a shot-gun.

I could let him stand by the wayside and be pretty sure to find him there when I would come back after several hours' absence.

One beauty about the horse was that if he did happen to run away I could always run after him and overtake him without much trouble.

That horse never got foaled while I had him. I used to live in hopes that he would, but he didn't.

I used to think that this horse was lazy enough for five or six horses, and he pulled so feebly that I often wondered how he ever pulled his hay out of the rack.

If he didn't strike his foot against every stone in the road, he showed signs of turning back and trying it over.

He was one of the safest horses I ever saw, and I could trust little four-year-old boy with him; there would have been more danger of the boy running off with the horse than of the horse running off with the boy, by a good sight.

That horse, on close calculation, was worth two dead ones, and he was old enough to be three grandfathers, and also be exempt from road duty.

All the English language which he understood was "whoo!" He knew that well enough for three horses, and didn't need an interpreter much.

He never threw me off his back unless he fell down, and then never hurt me unless he happened to roll over. I always had to get him up with a rail.

I used to think that he went backward faster than he went forward.

His head was so heavy I always thought it would have been a relief to him if he could put it in a wagon.

Because he was blind in one eye it didn't feel him see any better out of the other.

He was an animal of splendid bone; anybody could see that.

I tried my best to sell him; even went so far as to offer a chromo, but could find no purchaser. I finally gave him to an egg-peddler, and he committed suicide, and the horse was reduced to soap.

Foolscap Papers.

Another Horse.

It was on the list of reforms which I made on New Year's day, that I never would do again—that is, buy a horse, but Cobson said it was the best horse for 100 dollars that there was in the State; gentle as the lambkindest sheep, fast or slow as you wanted. I bought him for thirty-two dollars.

About the only thing that this horse carried well was his age. He was represented to be seven, but if that is the case he was forty when he was born.

He had a habit of going the fastest when he was loosest.

He was as hard to drive as a railroad spike, and you could not drive him with a sledge-hammer.

There was no need to use fluting-irons on him, for his sides were well-corrugated. He ate more than another horse could hold to him, and the more he ate the poorer he got.

If he wasn't lame in the forelegs he was invariably lame in the hind legs, and if he could have been put in a wagon he might have traveled well enough.

I could drive him so far in one hour that it generally took three hours for him to come back in, and then I had to put hartshorn to his nose to revive him.

He could trot more hours in a mile than you would imagine, to look at him.

I used to have hard work to get him out of the stable, but, to his credit, I must say he went in without any trouble.

He had a fatal habit of eating up everything that would chew, and that included harness and saddles.

If his forelegs had been as lively as his hind ones, he would have been noted for his activity; they seemed to be going more while he was standing than when he was traveling.

He never got mad when you whipped him; it never seemed to irritate him; he would only look around at you, if he happened to feel it in the best good nature, and a kind of smile seemed to come over his countenance, for he imagined you were only brushing the flies off, since he could not do it himself; for nothing was left of his tail but the handle.

A bit in his mouth did not do any good; you never had to hold him back; you rather would need something to push him behind; and the only real way you could get him to turn the corner, was to get out and hit him on the side of the head.

He was excellent in a sweepstakes race, for he generally swept every stake he possibly could reach.

He had the longest ears that ever stood up without props, and at first glance you were sure to mistake the species.

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WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

LABOR AND SCIENCE.—Entering the drawing-room of a fashionable sea-side hotel recently, we overheard the following remark from a pretty young lady standing near:

"Receive an invitation to dine from him! No, I thank you. Why, he's only a farmer, brown as a berry, and works for a living."

Little did she imagine, when she thought of gaining a reward, yet a simple "thank you" we do expect, and it is no more than right that we should not only expect, but receive it. A person who is not willing to thank one for doing a good deed, deserves to have none done him, and it also shows that he is devoid of all politeness. When a body is in the wrong, does it hurt them to acknowledge their error and ask pardon for their mistake? Politeness demands this of society, and should receive it.

Politeness is not expensive. It costs nothing, but it makes a difference in the way people are treated. To secure genuine success, one must seek it, not in the gilded halls of genius, but in the open field of persevering industry. The stately ship, that bounds over the deep and green waves of the sea, bringing nations into closer communion and enriching nations into greater wealth, is the result of the hand of labor.

Little acts of politeness, like little deeds of kindness, may seem simple in themselves, yet in the aggregate they amount to a great deal, and will bring forth abundant fruit. If it doesn't pay at first it will in good time. That's the opinion of

EVE LAWLESS.

Topics of the Time.

—The county seats of fifty Texas counties are located only on the maps, and wild Indians whoop and howl on the hills where the courthouses ought to stand.

—Thousands of wolves are killed every winter in the great basin of the Yellowstone, there being a ready cash market for the robes at all the frontier trading-posts. Many "wolfer" realize \$300 a month during the "wolfin" season.

—The new State of Colorado is perplexed regarding the site of her capital, some of the legislators desiring it to be taken down South to the New Mexico line, some wanting it to go Northward toward Wyoming Territory, while others are very anxious that it shall remain at Denver.

—God purifies the soul very much as we air our rooms. He throws open all the windows—the windows of feeling, of impulse, of imagination

WHEN DREAMS COME TRUE

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

"When can I claim this hand as mine for the heart I gave to you?"
"I hardly know," she answered me, "but think when dreams come true!"
"Oh, sing your last new song to me, about Love's a kiss!"
"I'll sing it if you'll pay my price. A kiss the ball buys."
"I'll pay the price," she blushing cried. My little
sister I sung at her debt. The gray old world grows young!
"I think you'll keep your word?" I said. "I surely will," said she.
"Then I can claim your hand, dear heart. A dream's come true."
Last night I dreamed I roamed the world, a minstrel, and I sang a song that drew an angel down, the raptured crowd among.
"And when it ended, on my lips she laid a burning kiss."
"It's all I have to give," she said, "for song as sweet as this."
"You are an angel, and you pay in kisses for my lay." My dream's come true, your hand I claim—" "Ah, claim it any day!"

Great Captains.

NEY,

BRAVEST OF THE BRAVE."

BY DR. LOUIS LEGRAND.

To write the story of Ney's life is to give much of the military history of France for fifteen years, from Napoleon's Egyptian campaign to his final fall at Waterloo. Springing literally from the ranks, unheralded by family name, and unaided by official influence, he fought his way to fame and made a name that, among the brilliant group of the Emperor's captains, none shines with a clearer luster. He lived a soldier's life and died a soldier's death—an exemplar of valor, devotion and efficiency, in whose glorious career and tragic death the biographer and historian have a subject of surpassing interest.

Michael Ney came of humble parentage. Born at Sarre Louis, in the department of the Moselle, in the year 1769, he received but scant education, and at thirteen was apprenticed to a village notary—the most stupid and uneventful of callings for one of Michael's resolute nature, and from which he broke away, in 1787, by enlisting in the ranks of a hussar regiment.

The young hussar's courage and activity soon became conspicuous, and he was rapidly advanced, until, in 1794, he was made captain and given a picked corps of five hundred men to do hazardous and thorough work. Serving under Kleber, in La Vendee and in Germany, he won the confidence and admiration of that excellent general, by whom Ney was christened "the Indefatigable," and soon was made adjutant-general.

He was present at the great battle of Neuwied (1796), and contributed essentially to the victory which placed the Prussian side of the Rhine in French possession. The battles of Alten-Kirchen, Montabour and Dierdorf that followed gave the French additional glory, of which Ney received a full share, for his conduct was notably distinguished. At Dierdorf (Diersdorf) he was taken prisoner in one of his impetuous charges, but was soon exchanged and returned to the Army of the Rhine.

At Wurzburg he achieved a general's command by a brilliant exploit. With his picked corps he swept through the town, taking it and two thousand prisoners. He was commissioned general, and in the exercise of his powers acted with commendable humanity toward the French "emigrants" (royalists and proscribed citizens) who had found in Germany a refuge from the bloody vengeance and brutal passion of the infamous Directory. The forlorn situation of these exiles—many of them illustrious persons—excited his deepest commiseration, and, instead of hunting them down to deliver them over to the Directory's ferocity, he so arranged as to give them warning of arrest and to permit their escape. This act periled his military position and his life, for the cry for blood from the crazed hordes who swarmed from all the provinces into Paris, was answered by such monsters as Marat, Danton, Robespierre and their scarcely less inhuman successors, with daily "exhibitions" on the guillotine of those who befriended royalists. Moreau, then commanding the army of the Rhine, found in Ney a coadjutor, for, like Ney, he was a sincere patriot, who equally detested and dreaded the reigning "Directory."

In Moreau's memorable campaign into and retreat from Germany through the Black Forest, Ney participated as general of division. In the surprise and capture of Mannheim (March 12th, 1799)—in the engagements at Worms and Frankenthal, and the capture of the German and Austrian artillery at the notable battle of Iller (June 5th, 1800), Ney was the hero, and at the fierce and magnificently fought battle of Hohenlinden, in Bavaria, his superb charge upon a column of Austrians, by which he drove them back, in disorder, into the forest, contributed essentially to Moreau's signal victory. The Austrians sought for terms, and the "Peace of Luneville" followed, Feb. 9th, 1801; after which Ney returned to Paris.

Napoleon had then fully acceded to power. The old "Directory" had been abolished by the famous act of Nov. 9th, 1799, and the "Consulship" formed—three Consuls, of which Napoleon was first, and the others, Cambacères and Lebrun, his mere echoes. Placing himself at the head of the army of Italy, the First Consul made the incredible march over the Alps, defeated the Austrians at the decisive battle of Marengo (June 14th, 1800), and then returned quickly to Paris. This, with Moreau's victory at Hohenlinden as stated, forced the Austrians to peace, and so strengthened Napoleon's position that he virtually was the government. The peace with England in 1802, (Treaty of Amiens), ended the second war of the French Revolution, and Napoleon was then formally proclaimed Consul for life—a thin disguise, indeed, for Emperor, and but the mere blind to the assumption of supreme and irrepressible power, in 1804.

Proceeding to Paris in 1801, Ney was cordially received by the Consul, and at once introduced to a distinguished society, of which the soldier had seen but little during his life. The beautiful women who then adorned the "court of Napoleon" made Paris quite as famous, socially, as the national convention had made it noted politically. Josephine, and her daughter Hortense; Napoleon's sisters, Pauline, the most beautiful woman in Europe, Caroline and Eliza; Madame de Staél; Mesdames Recamier, Junot, Lavalette, Larocheboucauld, Tallien, Duchesse d'Aiguillon, St. Hilaire, Regnault—were gay or brilliant women, leading gay or brilliant lives. With these queens of

beauty the impetuous hussar became a favorite, for women, no matter how timid and tender, always admire courage. Napoleon, exceedingly sagacious even in small matters, wished to attach Ney to his fortunes, and doubtless instructed Josephine to make secure the hussar general's devotion by marrying him to one of the ladies of the court. This was done. Mademoiselle Augnie, a very lovely girl, and intimate friend of Josephine's beautiful daughter, Hortense, became "interested" in the soldier, and a match was soon made.

Ney was appointed, (1802), minister plenipotentiary of the "French Republic" to Switzerland. The choice of a soldier for this armed mission was due to Napoleon's remarkable penetration of character, by which he always seemed to select the inevitable best man for the work to be performed. Ney so adjusted the delicate relations between the two republics, that, upon the close of his mission, when leaving for Paris, Ney was presented by the Swiss representatives, in the name of the people, with a medal, expressing their esteem for his character and conduct.

Napoleon now having matured his scheme for attaining supreme authority, by the assumption of the title and prerogatives of Emperor, had been busily preparing for the event by perfecting his army. The new rupture with Great Britain both perfectly hid his design, and, by creating a new peril, made a greater concentration of authority, seemingly, essential to the best interests of France. Ney, having returned from Switzerland, was assigned to the army designed to watch the British then encamped near Boulogne. Probably he was in the Consul's confidence to be aware of the impending change, (more in form than in fact, for Napoleon had been virtual Emperor since his accession to the life Consulship in 1802); and when the Empire was formally declared, in May, the Emperor announced, immediately, a list of "Marshals of the Empire." It included Berthier, Murat, Moncey, Jourdan, Massena, Augereau, Bernadotte, Soult, Brune, Lannes, Mortier, Ney, Davout, and Bessières—all men of tested valor and capacity, and known to be devoted to Napoleon's fortunes. These appointments attached the army to him and made sure his hold upon the crown. As for each marshal an army corps was necessary, it developed, to discerning eyes, the gigantic schemes that were even then forming in the Corsican's fertile brain.

Following this came the inauguration of the Legion of Honor, to whose cross was a sign of valor and devotion France. The first distribution of the cross was an imposing and significant pageant. July 15th the solemn consecration of the cross of the Legion took place in the church of the Invalides. The cardinal legate in person officiated. August 15th Napoleon appeared at the Boulogne camp, and in the presence of that army (80,000) distributed the cross. Ney was one of the recipients. The campaign of 1805 has been characterized as a striking exhibition of Napoleon's military genius. All summer he dallied with the combined powers while his preparations for war were perfecting. He was ready in September, and on the 25-26th his "grand army" crossed the Rhine. Ney, with the 6th corps, had the advance, and on October 4th met the Austrians in force at Elchingen, under General Landau. Ney, with impetuous valor, carried their defenses, killing and wounding 1,500, and taking 2,000 prisoners. It was the first blow of a most momentous movement into the heart of Europe. Napoleon in person witnessed the assault, and for its success created Ney Duke of Elchingen. Then, in the allotted work, having contributed to the capitulation of the giant fortress at Ulm, he marched into Tyrol, occupied it, and was en route into Corinthia, when the Peace of Presburg arrested his daring progress.

Victory followed victory. Such superb mastery of men and combinations of movement Europe never before had beheld. The Austrians and Russians could make no plan that Napoleon did not thwart. So quick were his strokes, and so tremendous his successes, that, on November 13th, Murat entered Vienna and Napoleon occupied the Austrian emperor's palace at Schonbrunn!

In Austria the French remained until, by the Peace of Presburg (December 26th) Austria was shorn of some of her fine provinces to the aggrandizement of Bavaria, Baden and Wurtemburg—which States had co-operated with the French. Prussia, for her neutrality, was given Hanover, the private possession of George III., of England, and by this gift the astute Napoleon antagonized Prussia and England. He was emphatically master of the situation; prince, king, emperor and czar all were his playthings. No wonder the French Senate formally conferred on him the title of Great.

Then ensued the more brilliant and more elaborate campaign of 1806-7. The aroused powers, Prussia, Austria and Russia, thoroughly alarmed at the "usurper's" tremendous advances, strove, by a coalition, against their common enemy, to drive him from the Rhine; while England, making common cause, brought her tremendous naval power into the contest. Napoleon was ready. His armies were magnificent, their generals eager in emulation, and almost fierce for glory, and the troops enthusiastic, confident and devoted. To men and leaders alike Napoleon was an inspiration; their trust in his genius complete.

Ney now burst forth in all his glory. He led his corps in person with such courage, audacity and skill as to become the very personification of war. His reputation rose. If less in the greatness of strategy and generalship than some of the other marshals, he was more in the power of his personal influence; where he moved there was the sternest work; and Napoleon looked to him for results with an assurance that was the marshal's proudest reward. To note the numerous actions in which he participated, or to indicate the part he performed is not within the compass of a sketch like this. At Erfurt, October 15th, he forced a capitulation. At Magdeburg, November 11th, he had the honor of receiving 20,000 prisoners and 800 pieces of cannon. At the passage of the Vistula he was like an eagle in the swoop of his terrible columns. At the taking of Thorn his corps dealt the crushing blow; he witnessed the almost total destruction of the Prussian corps at Döppen (February 5th, 1807); he gave the enemy the staggering stroke at Schmiedeberg, by which the Russian retreat to Königsberg was cut off; and launched the thunderbolt at the general battle of Friedland (June 14th,) under Napoleon's field command, that doubled up and broke the enemy's left wing. That defeat brought the allies to terms, and the peace of Tilsit (July 7th) was a new witness of czar, emperor and king's humiliation.

The cloud destined eventually to eclipse Napoleon's sun was then just apparent in Portugal, where Junot was in chief command. He was beaten by Sir Arthur Wellesley (Wellington) and forced to retire. Massena was instantly dispatched by Napoleon to retrieve this ill-fortune and to stay Wellesley's progress. [See our paper on Wellington.] Ney

was (September, 1808) sent to aid Massena, and there fought with additional glory; but the two French generals could not agree, and Ney was recalled, after playing a fine part in the retreat from Wellington's line of Torres Vedras, and in the actions that succeeded. Massena was soon superseded by Marmont.

To strike terror into the new combinations in central Europe, Napoleon planned his Russian campaign of 1812. Ney was given command of the 3d corps. He was almost irresistible. At Smolensk, Aug. 17th—at Valutin, Aug. 19th, and at the fearfully-sanguinary battle of the Moskowa, Sept. 14th, Ney was the "Bravest of the Brave!" declared Napoleon, and received from his chief the title of Prince of Moskowa.

But it was in the retreat from Moscow that Ney was greatest. In that awful event he is a central figure. It was Ney who, as rear-guard, beat back the hordes of the infuriated and exultant enemy. It was Ney who never quailed even in the days of most appalling disaster, suffering and loss. He was, apparently, sleepless, tireless, exhaustless in courage, and still daunted when all was lost. Though the tale of the retreat inspires a feeling of sickening horror, Ney rises above it all as superior even to disaster.

In the campaign of 1813 [see our paper on Blucher], put to the front, he was greatly instrumental in winning the victories of Bautzen, Lützen and Dresden, but, at the battle of Dannewitz (Sept. 6th) he met with an overwhelming reverse at the hands of Napoleon's once marshal, Bernadotte, to whom he had given the Swedish throne. Bernadotte, leading his Swedes and the Prussians, came in upon Ney's flank, and almost destroyed the Prince of Moskowa's corps. That reverse compelled Napoleon to retire wholly from Germany, and, soon after, the great Emperor's abdication and exile to Elba.

Ney was called from his retirement, March 6th, 1815, by the minister of war of Louis XVIII., to whom he had given his adhesion, to take the field against Napoleon, whose return from Elba had thrown wide the gates of war again. Ney obeyed, expecting to oppose his old chief, in the interest of the restored government; but so potent was the influence of Napoleon's name, with the army, that Ney yielded to that influence and passed over to his old chief. His entire army followed his example, and that defection placed the ex-Emperor in the ascendant again.

What ensued forms an exciting chapter in the world's history. The Hundred Days reign culminated in the battle of Waterloo, where Ney led the Old Guard, and performed a part that reads like a stupendous creation of fancy. He was simply terrible, and with his defeat Napoleon's sun was eclipsed forever.

Ney remained in Paris until, by the decree of July 24th, he was proscribed as a traitor. He then endeavored to leave France, and was hidden in a friend's chateau, near Aurillac, when arrested, Aug. 5th, and taken to Paris for trial. That trial before the Chamber of Peers was not the least exciting and memorable event of that most exciting and memorable year. It resulted in his condemnation to death, Dec. 6th, by a large majority of the peers. Dec. 7th the sentence was communicated to him, and the order for his immediate execution announced. He was taken to the Luxembourg Palace, where he was simply terrible, and with his old chief. His entire army followed his example, and that defection placed the ex-Emperor in the ascendant again.

He lay stunned for a few minutes, then rushed back to his master, choking with fury. The doctor was on his knees at Thetford's side, examining his skin, his eyeballs, listening to his breathing, and feeling the consistency of his flesh here and there. As the servant ran up he looked steadily at him, the quiet will-power of his glance subduing him instantly.

"This is not epilepsy," said he, beckoning him to come closer; "what is it?"

Kool glared at him like a wild beast that fawn would spring, but could not, being held in check by the human eye.

"What is it?" reiterated the baron, more imperiously.

"Answer, my man; I shall make no unworthy use of the knowledge."

"What right have you or any other man to ask into my master's affairs?" said Kool, making a desperate effort to regain his customary dignity of deportment.

The baron stepped up to him and looked sternly into his eyes.

"Do as I command you," said he, haughtily;

"dare not to refuse me an answer, and a truthful one."

Kool felt annihilated. These masterful, compelling eyes were more than he dared withstand.

"If I must, I must!" mumbled he, "but I hope, sir, that you'll explain all to master when he can understand. And if this goes abroad, my poor young master might as well die in 'em. If you would only be good enough to promise—"

"I shall not reveal the matter," interposed the baron, gravely.

Much re-assured, Kool resumed:

"I have been his constant companion ever since he was six years of age, sir. He is close on twenty-one now. There has not passed one single month in all that time that on the tenth day, at six P.M., Mr. Thetford has not been seized with violent convulsions. Three evenings in succession he is similarly seized, the attacks lasting two hours, and leaving him weak as a babe, and hopelessly bewildered. With the exception of these visitations he is perfectly well, always in high spirits; and that no peculiarity should be wanting, he absolutely forgets his affliction from the moment when the final paroxysm leaves him to the morning of the tenth of the next month, when I remind him of his approaching sufferings, that may make no engagement, the breaking of which would stir up inquiry. What the disease is, God only knows; we have consulted a legion of doctors, the most celebrated in Europe, and they declare themselves puzzled. Indeed, it looks more like possession by the devil than anything in medical experience. It comes upon him so suddenly, and so utterly without warning, that we are in constant danger of exposure. Just as if a devil actually did spring upon him, he is hurried to the ground, you would almost swear, by unseen hands, and tortured till he writhes and twists his body in the most unnatural contortions, sometimes tying it up in a knot, and again springing up in the air, till one would expect every bone to be broken and every sinew dislocated, then he falls down like this, senseless, and scarcely alive; presently he will have another paroxysm—and so on; and if I did not bind him, as you see, he would dash himself to death against the walls, for he bounds like a tiger during the seizure, and has the strength of five men. This is all I know about the matter, sir; but I beg of you to keep it to yourself, for now he has a barony and a fortune to inherit. You see how possible it would be for him to be argued out of it, should any of the other relatives get an inkling of this, and choose to call it madness or epilepsy."

"Thanks, you have told the truth," said the baron, who was intently interested. "I recognize you as the pair who wandered for many years about the continent of Europe, you bearing the title 'tao-logical professor,' and this unfortunate exhibiting feats of strength and daring truly beyond the power of ordinary men. His case is, indeed, unique. I am gratified to have had the privilege of personally examining it."

"After some time had elapsed, he heard a swift footstep advancing unfalteringly through the Crystal Grotto, and started up with a muffled growl, scarcely believing his ears. Having had this dire cause for exploring the sea-

caves, to search for a hiding-place for his master, Kool knew every nook and cranny of not a few, but in all his explorations he had never before encountered any one, and the popular idea concerning them was that there was no outlet from the Crystal Grotto other than its mouth, and that it was dangerous to penetrate any of the caves further from the entrance than the tide could reach, on account of the gases which were believed to poison them. It was only by dint of patiently familiarizing himself with the intricacies of these mysterious earth chambers, that Kool had made up his mind to utilize one of them in the day of need; he had supposed himself the only man familiar therewith; who, then, was this, springing forward with the sure foot and unhesitating speed of a habitue?

He had no time even to cower down at Thetford's side, before the intruder sprung through the crevice in the granite screen which divided Crystal Grotto from the earth chamber; and, a moment subsequently, stood looking down on master and man.

It was the physician summoned by Jonas Kercheval; it was Baron Berthold, be-whiskered, be-wigged and bewitched into the very opposite of himself—Baron Berthold pursuing his purpose of molding the lives of these unconscious people, the Warren-Guilderland heirs.

He, too, wished earnestly to fathom Thetford's secret; he had therefore laid his plans with such sagacity that he was ready on the spot to probe the mystery whenever circumstances framed the opportunity.

"I have found you, then?" said he, in a manner-of-fact tone, as if he saw nothing odd in the depth of the retirement chosen by the glaring servant; "light that taper again, my good man; so; now hold it to the face, lower. What you object to my examination? Non-sense! I am a physician, and Mr. Gaylure commands me here." These gaily-spoken commands, questions, and explanations, almost overwhelmed the man of marble; not even in all his scrapes with the boy had he been cornered thus; never had his charge's terrible secret been so near discovery. He made a desperate effort to repulse the unwelcome spy.

"Thanks, sir, you are very kind, but master will have no one near him but myself. Go away, please, before he opens his eyes."

"Very good; you have done your duty; now be silent," said the supposed physician, catching the taper from the man's trembling hand, and approaching it to the death-like countenance of the insensible youth. Kool's wooden visage crimsoned with rage; he clutched the doctor's arm fiercely, saying:

"He won't have it, I tell you; and I can't permit it, neither, sir. You must go away." And he attempted roughly to shove the stranger away. Next moment, to his amazement, he found himself mid-air, the stranger's slender hand twisted in his collar, and his own feet scarcely touching the ground, as he was hurled out of the earth chamber and flung into the middle of the Crystal Grotto.

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"Answer, my man; I shall make no unworthy use of the knowledge."</

Kercheval and generous-minded Cordelia should never again meet face to face; Kercheval had proved himself the more cunning of the two; had maneuvered so cleverly that Gaylure supposed him on his way back to Wisconsin at this very moment, and Cordelia still confined to her room with a bad headache (brought on by a sleepless night), whereas, here the pair were, in one of the deserted drawing-rooms, behind the sweeping lace curtains of the bow window; he pouring into her ear the whole story of Warren-Guilderland, his connection therewith, Thetford's secret, and Gaylure's drift—the comprehending all that had been hid from her innocent eyes in her benefactor's conduct, with a heart that was swelling with proud anger and generous distress.

"So he has been unworthy all this time the admiration and gratitude I have been bestowing upon him!" exclaimed she, with bitter grief; "while I have been crediting him with all the noblest qualities of the heart, he has been pursuing his own crafty schemes, making naught but a tool of me! Alas! It seems fitted that whoever I love turns out to be unworthy of my foolish heart! Are all as vain and guilty? Was he?" The last words broke from Cordelia unconsciously, accompanied by an expression so rapt, so agitated, that Kercheval gazed at her in startled attention, and her abstracted silence gave him time to reason out a tolerable solution of her meaning.

"She is thinking of some man! Yes, of course, she will marry, and this fortune which I long so ardently to give to my poor Margaret and Anne, as some slight indemnity for the misery I have brought upon them, will only be lavished upon a stranger and his children. No, I shall not give up my rights to Cordelia."

And meanwhile she was thinking:

"Surely I read nothing but truth and nobleness in Baron Berthold—surely I may believe the instinctive thrill that tells me the trust that man as I would trust an angel. Yes, I will believe in him, dead though he is, and when I find a man who can persuade me that he is as genuine, I shall marry him."

When it was fully understood between them that Kercheval declined to pass over his rights to Warren-Guilderland to Cordelia, and that she would decline to accept them if he did, Jonas consulted her upon his next step.

"I see before me a chance of making restitution to Margaret and Anne, as far as wealth can indemnify them for the bright which my love has cast upon their lives," said he. "Will it not be wisest to keep silence upon the subject of our relations to each other until time has solved this problem: Thetford has died of his disease, I have succeeded to the barony, no flaw can be picked in the legality of the title, and I can dispose of my property as I please? For, I assure you, Margaret would not accept one cent from me, much as she has loved me (ay, and will till death divides us)—should she suspect the true nature of our connection. And why need she ever know? She has been so innocent of either passion or self-indulgence! Let me be the sufferer—I who am guilty, but let me preserve her from the knowledge which will kill her!"

Cordelia listened to his pleading with yearning pain.

"You know," said she, gently, "that every additional moment this pure woman lives in this false position is an additional wrong on your part. You know that if she knew, she would starve rather than accept your money. Be brave; be a man; release her! Don't insult her a moment longer with your presence! Never see her again, except to confess what you are, and to beg her forgiveness for what you have made her."

"Have you advised Colonel Vairose to do the same by Madeline?" demanded Kercheval, ready to sting her in his own exquisite pain.

"No—no—it would be her death," she moaned, "and, besides, I dared not let them know I escaped alive, because they would have begged me back again, and my heart would have made me go, and let things go on as before. Alas! I see how hard my advice is! But you are a man, not a poor, unsophisticated, tender-hearted girl; and you have done the wrong, and have the stimulus of righting it. Try to follow my advice, hard as it is; it is the best you can do."

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"Alas, sir, you will rue this, sooner or later," said Cordelia, sadly sympathizing with his distressing circumstances, yet able to perceive the deplorable weakness of the man's line of conduct. "And besides, everything is so unsettled that your term of waiting may stretch over years. He is so young, so full of health and spirits, he may last a long time yet, and God grant he will!" she murmured, pityingly, recalling all the brightness and loveliness of the unhappy youth; "or he may marry, and his son would come before you. Indeed, sir, looking at the pair of you, I should say that he has every chance of outliving you. Pardon me for saying so!"

Kercheval glanced at his own cadaverous person as he saw it reflected in the black polished surface of the marble pedestal in the window, with a glance of jealous misery and despair.

"I shall outlive him!" he cried, unconsciously raising his voice in his agitation. "I shall consult a doctor; I shall begin from this moment to build up my health again. I must, I shall outlive him, for my darling's sake! What is my life not worth the life of a poor epileptic?"

A quick step across the carpet startled the pair; with one accord they looked through the curtains. Horror! it was Thetford himself, so close to them that it was only too evident he had been in the room some time, and had heard distinctly, at least Kercheval's last speech. He joined them now, looking very pale and breathless, but strangely, solvently.

"Sir, I don't know who you are," said he, addressing Kercheval with his own courteous salute, performed this time, however, quite mechanically, its quivering lips and smothered tones meant anything; "I have seen you twice only, and each time alone with this lady, apparently as her confidential friend, perhaps her affianced lover. I heard what you said, and I know who you mean by the 'poor fading epileptic.' You mean *me*; you have been trying to make me seem ridiculous and revolting to her, because you have discovered that I love her—adore, a'le her—and you want to turn

her sweet friendship into loathing. Sir, I throw your lie in your teeth! I am not an epileptic! I am as well as you! and as God lives I shall see you dead before me yet, I shall!"

It is impossible to describe the extraordinary terror he infused into his passionate ebullition; his manner, his looks, his words, all were so sinister and threatening that Cordelia involuntarily clung to Kercheval, half screening him with her own body, in the horrible fear that the young man would slay him at her feet, in what she supposed to be a paroxysm of madnes-

He saw the gesture, the protecting, apprehensive gesture, favoring Kercheval and repulsing him; and his jealous fury burst all

"She loves you, then!" he shrieked, wringing his slight hands and tearing his amber curling locks, "you have succeeded in willing her away from me!" He stopped, staring toward the door with a keen listening look. Footsteps were approaching, his violence had undoubtedly alarmed the servants. Kercheval tore open the casement, a two-leaved affair that let you out on the lower veranda. Some one entered the room—both the men in the window gazed anxiously at him as he hurried forward. It was Gaylure, flushed and excited, his eyes glowing and his lips wreathed in a kind, faint smile.

Before he was half way up the long apartment Kercheval stepped out of the window and vanished into one of the nearest open windows. Gaylure and Thetford met, and the lawyer took the heir into his arms and pressed him to his breast with all the joy of a father over a prodigal son.

To explain this touching scene we shall narrate the substance of the lawyer's late interview with his daughter Crystal.

"She is thinking of some man! Yes, of course, she will marry, and this fortune which I long so ardently to give to my poor Margaret and Anne, as some slight indemnity for the misery I have brought upon them, will only be lavished upon a stranger and his children. No, I shall not give up my rights to Cordelia."

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"Have you advised Colonel Vairose to do the same by Madeline?" demanded Kercheval, ready to sting her in his own exquisite pain.

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"And you too little to die!"

"And, therefore," the chief continued, "I shall see that you do not escape this time. Nor your band either."

He turned aside and held a short, inaudible consultation with his braves. When the powwow had ended, Hawk-Eyes took the majority of his warriors and left, going toward the lake. Seth felt sure that the Boy Brigade was the objective point of this movement.

Those left in charge of the prisoner finally took him and moved away toward the lake. On reaching the water they embarked in a canoe for the interior of the lake. Two other savages in a canoe, that was sunk to its gunwales under a load of stones, followed behind. A third canoe with three occupants, towing behind a huge log by means of a rope made of fibrous bark, followed the second.

When about one hundred yards from the sunken cabin of Neptune, the canoe of the prisoner stopped. The second ran alongside of it, though leaving a few feet of space between into which the third party towed the logs.

Something of the truth now entered Seth's mind, and sent a shudder through his veins. He believed he was to be lashed to the log and left to die, where his friends, as well as his enemies, could witness his agonies, and yet render him no assistance. Nor was he left in a moment's doubt. The red-skins lifted him from the canoe and laid him back down upon the log. He was then bound with strips of tough, fibrous bark as securely as though he was a part of the log itself. His hands were bounded under the log and bound so that he could not move a muscle.

A long rope of bark was next attached to the log and the canoe loaded with rock. Then the bottom of the canoe was cut through in several places; the craft filled with water and sank to the bottom of the lake, securely anchoring the log in the center of the little sheet.

Having completed their fiendish work, the savages retired to the woods to await the result.

Seth at once saw through the whole of this devilish work; they had set a trap for the rest of the Brigade. Exposed as he was, the red-skins knew full well that his friends would discover his situation and endeavor to relieve him, when they—the savages—would pounce down upon them from their coverts along the shore like hawks upon a brood.

Seth's hands and feet were in the water, and as a strong breeze now disturbed the surface of the lake, tiny waves dashed against the log and sprinkled their spray over him. Rendered weak with the loss of blood and the terror of his situation, this exposure affected him greatly. He could not turn his head; he could not move a muscle; nor could he breathe with half his usual freedom. He could see nothing but the sky, from which the light of day was fast fading, for by this time the sun had gone down. He saw long, "mare tail" clouds stretched across the sky, which were a forewarning of a night of wind.

As the twilight shadows deepened around him, he summoned all his strength and sent forth the Brigade's signal of distress. It was answered from the northern shore; but the answer was immediately followed by the report of a rifle—evidence that the savages were in close proximity to the Brigade.

Darkness at length fell. The sky was overcast with swift-moving clouds. The wind swept across the Black Woods and tossed the surface of the lake into tiny billows. Seth was soon drenched to the skin and chilled to the marrow. An inevitable death stared him in the face. Wave after wave broke over him. He rose and fell and tossed like an egg-shell on the crest of the billows. The rush and roar of the elements drowned all other sounds. Deep, black and boundless as eternity grew the darkness around him. A thousand vague and awful horrors crowded upon his soul. Strange visions rose up before him and hovered like spirits around. Strange, icy arms were clasped around him like hoops of steel. Then followed an awful roaring and the sensation of being swept away into the illimitable depths of eternity. Down, down, deeper and deeper into the unknown void he felt himself sinking—that buzzing roar gradually dissolving into the notes of far-off music, sweet and plaintive, and finally fading into that oblivion which knows no pain, no suffering—the hand-maid of Death.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE SILENT SLAYERS OF THE LAKE.

With anxious, eager hearts the Boy Brigade watched their young leader depart upon his exploring expedition. They watched him as he glided out over the glassy waters of the lake toward the spot where the floating cabin of Neptune went down, never dreaming that lynx-eyed danger lurked in ambush for him until they saw the three canoes loaded with savages put out from different points around the shore.

At that time Seth was in the vicinity of the sunken craft; and contrary to his usual precaution, appeared not to see his peril; whereupon, Hooseah gave the signal of danger. In a moment Seth began his retreat, and the Brigade prepared to cover it; but, at the most critical moment, a score of savages charged upon them from the woods, compelling them to seek shelter in the deeper shadows back from the lake. This they lost no time in doing, and had the good fortune to stumble into a "windfall"—a number of large trees uprooted and piled in such a way as to afford a temporary defense. The savages endeavored to dislodge them from their retreat, but were met with such vigorous resistance that they were compelled to relinquish their object and seek shelter from the unerring rifles of the Brigade.

The latter now had a moment's respite to enumerate their casualties. To the fear and regrets of all, one of the band, Teddy O'Roop, the Irish lad, was missing; and there was not a doubt left in the mind of any one but that he had been killed. Two others had been slightly wounded; and the worst of all, their beloved young leader was, ere this, in the power of his cruel enemy. Nothing but the intercession of Providence could save him.

The yell that finally rose along the lake told that their worst fears had been realized—Seth was a captive. Disasters were falling thick and fast upon the Boy Brigade.

"What do you suppose the fate of Sure Shot will be?" asked Harris.

"No doubt a horrible death," replied Justin Gray.

A look of sadness overspread each countenance and a solemn grief trembled upon each lip. Still the courage of the little band did not flag. Taught by past experience and similar trying circumstances, they resolved to put forth every effort in behalf of their young friend and leader—to risk life and limb in an attempt to save him.

As nothing had been seen of their enemies since entering the "windfall," Hooseah was sent out to reconnoiter. He soon returned and announced the way clear to the lake. The savages had doubtless withdrawn to join their friends in their fiendish triumph over the cap-

ture of Sure Shot Seth. The Brigade left their retreat and stole back to the shore of the lake. They found the little sheet deserted; not a sign of Seth, his canoes, or the savages could be seen.

Scouts were at once sent in opposite directions around the lake, but, before they returned, the Brigade saw the savages emerge from the forest on the opposite side of the lake, enter a canoe with Seth, and row out upon the waves, when the sound of voices fell upon their ears.

Half an hour later they saw the object of this movement. Seth had been left almost in the middle of the lake, bound to a log anchored there, by some means or other.

The object of the red-skin was evident; it was the capture of any one who might attempt Seth's rescue. And, as the Brigade was now without a boat of any kind, and the water was growing rough, it would be next to impossible to reach their friend by swimming.

To and fro beneath the forest shadows, the little band paced uneasily, suffering all the excruciating misery that the predicament of their young captain could force upon them. I said all; this, however, was not the case, exactly. Old Joyful Jim sat down and with that grim, queer smile that had been noticed before, on different occasions, upon his face, he watched the helpless young riferman.

"My God, boys!" Justin Gray finally exclaimed, his face marked by desperation, "I can stand this no longer; Seth must be saved! I will swim out there and release him, if I die for it."

"Wuss that useless to undertake to swim out that now," said old Jim. "Jist wait; it'll be dark; then mebby some of us can make it."

"But, he may be dead by that time," persisted Gray.

"Don't fool yerself; Seth's not goin' to give up so easy as that. I never seed a boy that was as chuck, jam full of life as that Seth. No, them 'tarnal brimstones don't want him dead till they git us; therefore, we want to save caloric, and I'll bet Sure Shot'll live to impale more'n one red-skin on a sunbeam."

"I wish I knew that you spoke propheticly, Jim," said Gray, puzzled by the indifferent view the old ex-trader took of the matter, and the coolness he had manifested all along.

"Wait and you'll see," was the answer.

They did wait until darkness fell; but time had seemed to lag so weary that all hope of Seth's escape had about died out. It seemed impossible for him to have lived so long. Night shut every object from view upon the lake; and only the roar of the wind and the moan of the woods broke upon the eager ears of the little band.

The little band was plunged into the deepest gloom. Their hearts sunk within them, and their courage seemed to falter. To add still more to the intensity of their feelings, the words that Justin Gray and Hooseah had overheard upon the lake had been construed into the words of a traitor.

"I have often remarked the indifference with which old Jim regarded some things of a serious nature to us," said Gray; "especially things connected with this lake."

"Yes," replied Mr. Harris, "I have noticed that, on different occasions."

"But," said Tom Grayson, inclined to give old Jim the benefit of a doubt, "hasn't he done things since he has been with us that would be a little unaccountable if he was a traitor?"

"Yes; but that has been a part of his tactics to mislead us," said Gray. "He has pretended to serve us, while he has a—"

"Hooch!" exclaimed Le Subtile Wolf, suddenly; "light on lake—see him?"

True enough, a dim light had become visible near the middle of the lake. It shot a long, subdued beam across the water to where our friends stood. It was such a light as shines from a window on a dark night, and seemed to be elevated a few feet above the surface of the lake.

One of the boys decided that it must be a will-o'-the-wisp; but this idea was exploded by the light disappearing ever and anon as though forms were passing to and fro between.

The boys puzzled themselves over this light for more than an hour, but they could obtain no definite information regarding it; and were at length compelled to give it up and retire to some safer point in which to pass the weary, dreary hours of night. They sought the "windfall," which had afforded them a safe retreat during the day; and having posted two guards that were to be relieved at intervals of two hours, the rest lay down to sleep and give their tired minds repose.

Little sleep, however, closed the eyes of the peril-enveloped band that night; and when one did fall into a doze, the vagaries of an excited brain conjured up a thousand horrors and dangers.

Slowly and wearily the night dragged away, and with its darkness went many of the terrors born of it. Bright and early the boys all wore astir; but not until the rising sun had dispelled every shadow did they venture out of their retreat.

Having first partaken of their morning repast, they started toward the lake. They had proceeded but a short distance when a "chirp" like that of a bird overhead caused them all to look up; when, to their astonishment, they saw old Joyful Jim reclining in a sort of hammock attached to a limb, looking as smiling and innocent as a clown in a circus.

Mechanically the Brigade drew back the hammers of their guns, while a look of sudden surprise and unutterable scorn mounted their faces.

"Careful! careful!" exclaimed the old fellow, throwing up his hand; "it's me, Joyful James! Don't shoot—he—avens!"

The last exclamation was occasioned by a savage yell not far away, and quick as a flash the Brigade turned and started back to the windfall; while old Jim hopped out of his bed and began to scramble down the tree in a hurry. As soon as he had reached the ground, he followed the Brigade, and was nearing the windfall, in which the boys were already encamped, when a savage with an uplifted tomahawk sprang from behind a tree and confronted him. As the murderous weapon of the savage descended, it was dexterously warded off by the gun-barrel of the white man. But the sudden deviation of the tomahawk, and the force with which it fell upon the gun-barrel, carried both from the hands of their owners, leaving them face to face and empty-handed.

When assured that they had nothing more to fear in this in the canoe, they swam alongside of the boat and threw themselves into it. To burst the bodies to the troubled waves was but the work of a moment, then each laying his lance by his side, took up a paddle.

It required some moments now for them to get their course, for in the silent and deadly encounter they had lost their bearings. When assured they were right, they dipped their blades and crept away through the gloom.

They were now compelled to use more precaution than ever, for the water, when lying with their ears upon it, was a better conductor of sound than the air. Moreover, their elevation rendered it more difficult to discern objects around them. But they felt themselves equal to the occasion, being greatly encouraged by their recent victory. It had been a part of their programme to maneuver for the capture of a canoe in which to convey their friend ashore, should they succeed in releasing him.

It was this that they had in view when they constructed the deadly weapons they carried with them.

There was such a harmony of instincts in these two boys, trained as they had been together, that they had not spoken a dozen words since leaving the shore. The touch of their lances had kept them together, and any sudden movement of the weapon by one seemed to convey his thoughts to the other as naturally as one conveys words upon the electric telegraph.

With their minds centered upon the one great object of mercy, it was natural enough that the details followed in intuitive

harmony. One made no movement that did not "dove-tail," as it were, with the other's, and with this silent and perfect sameness of action, which was, in a manner, characteristic of the whole Brigade, had they been enabled to accomplish so much in the gloom.

They moved on, and were finally nearing the spot where they had last seen Seth tossing upon the waves, when the sound of voices fell upon their ears.

They at once ceased paddling, and holding the blades so that their boats might not drift back, they listened. They could hear the audible dip of a paddle, mingled with a voice speaking English. The boat of the unknown was crossing the path of our two adventuresome friends, and when nearly opposite the prow of their boat, they heard the person speaking say:

"I tell ye, boss, I've jist all I can do to keep that Boy Brigade off the scent. I've been afraid, a time or two, that they'd find out the little game I'm playing."

A shudder thrilled through the forms of the two boys, and they clutched their lances as if to strike. As the boat drew nearer and passed on by them, they recognized the voice of the speaker.

It was that of Joyful Jim!

Was he a traitor to the Boy Brigade? Alas! what else could he have been?

CHAPTER XXVIII.

JOYFUL JAMES UNDER A CLOUD.

THE BEAVER AND LE SUBTILE WOLF continued on until they supposed they were in the vicinity of the log to which Seth was bound; but to their surprise and pain they could find nothing of their young friend. They searched the water over and over, but without reward; and were finally compelled to give up the search.

Sad and heavy-hearted, they returned to shore with the intelligence of Seth's disappearance, no doubt beneath the waves of the wind-swept little sea.

The little band was plunged into the deepest gloom. Their hearts sunk within them, and their courage seemed to falter. To add still more to the intensity of their feelings, the words that Justin Gray and Hooseah had overheard upon the lake had been construed into the words of a traitor.

"I have often remarked the indifference with which old Jim regarded some things of a serious nature to us," said Gray; "especially things connected with this lake."

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The Boy Brigade watched the conflict with astonishment. They saw the old man in combat with those whom they had decided were his friends. But the thought that they might be mistaken flashed across their minds the instant they caught sight of his face. It seemed transformed to that of a madman. The cords in his neck and face had swelled out almost to bursting. His eyes glowed with the ferocity of a Fury. He seemed endowed with super-

human power as he fought for his life. The iron weapon in his hand had become bespattered with the blood of his victim. It fairly dripped with gore. The Brigade saw it. It was enough—it told them that old Jim was no friend to the red-skins, and

THE VILLAGE DOCTOR.

BY JOE JOT. JR.

You'll know him when you enter town,
A man of somewhat large dimensions,
And note his clothes of black or brown
Are cut to cover vast pretensions.

A very host of things he knows,
Because he's full of information;
Prescribes a cure for all your woes—
And the electoral situation.

Of public meetings he's the head,
Where he allows of no digressions,
And on the Fourth leads the parade—
But follows funeral processions.

Take his wisdom with his pills;
And both according to directions;
He studies at the law, illiterately,
Looks wise, and settles all vexed questions.

The hand you offer he but takes
Only to feel your pulse's labor;
Is friendlier to your pains or aches
Than he is to his nearest neighbor.

He wants but little of your tongue,
And then he only cares to see it,
And gives a Latin and high-strung
Name to your case, whatever be it.

You take his statement without doubt,
But not his potions without shrinking;
You'll find they are the best things out—
And your chance better without drinking.

It you get worse beneath his skill
He says 'twas Providence that bade it;
If you get better of your ill
He takes unto himself the credit.

His liniments will set you wild;
A red-hot stone is not more soothin';
His medicines are fast and ill-made,
To me they're useless—but that's a true thing.

The powder which he gives is not
The true rifle powder, is much quicker;
His tonics not more sure than shot,
Although perhaps they'll make you sicker.

If on your premises should stop
The fever prevalent in your section,
He promises to raise you up—
But leaves the job to Resurrection.

Stories of Chivalry.

THE CRUSADER'S LAST STROKE.

BY T. C. HARBAUGH.

NIGHT was settling down upon the romantic chateau of Hautfeur, in the south of France, when a horseman, clad in mail, crossed the buttressed moat, and blew a blast in the dusky court in front of the demesne.

Instantly cries of "The master! the master!" filled the air, and a score of retainers poured from the grand hall of nobility and gathered around the horseman. In the excess of their joy the servants were trying to pull the rider from his seat, when he haughtily checked them.

"I am not Sir Henri!" he said. "Is this sorry beast the one upon whose back he sprung, booted and armed for the conquest of Jerusalem? Such a steed as mine never bore your galant master. Stand aside, and let me dismount!"

"But is not this our master's armor?" cried the giant butler, who was the most boisterous of the band.

"Truly, good Hubert; I wear it by his wish. Were he here it would adorn my faultless figure."

The horseman's last words produced a startling effect.

"The master is dead!" was the cry that the retainers raised, and respectfully made way for the stranger, who dismounted and pushed his way toward the broad steps of the chateau.

He showed signs of weariness, the armor seemed cumbersome, and several retainers noticed a limp in his gait.

"He walks like Lionel de Castray!" they whispered, and thought of the days when their master and the noble named were rival suitors for the hand of the fair mistress of the demesne.

The returned crusader scaled the steps, and found himself in a lofty corridor, in which he came suddenly face to face with a very hand some woman, on whose face was a pallor of fear.

She started back as if the wraith of her crusing husband had suddenly risen before her.

Then the mailed warrior lowered his visor, and Lady Anne exclaimed:

"Lionel de Castray! what message from my Henri?"

He did not speak, but drew a packet from beneath his breastplate, and handed it to the countess.

Whiter than ever grew her face as she took the object, for she had caught sight of Lionel de Castray's mail engraven with her husband's arms. Her quick glance detected the marks of Saracen swords and battle-axes, and she gave the man a suspicious look as she turned aside to read the message from the long-absent one.

Lionel de Castray watched her narrowly while she read; he saw tears start from her eyes, and noted the quivering lips as she turned and looked at him.

"It was at Acre, I believe?" she said, half interrogatively.

"Before the western wall, and near the Paynim standard!" said Sir Lionel. "I bore him to my tent, poor fellow! and there he wrote the message which I swore upon my sword to give to his good lady of Hautfeur."

"A thousand thanks!" Anne said, extending her hand, which was cavalierly taken in the gauntlet of the messenger. "I cannot listen to more to-night. Come when you have rested and tell me all. His armor you may don in the armory, for I see it wears you."

The lofty messenger bowed, and the stricken countess withdrew.

He found his way to the armory, for he was no stranger to the interior of the chateau, and proceeded to undo the cumbrous mail. He worked rapidly and with apparent delight, and at length casque, gauntlets, and all the parapheonalia of a knight, lay in a heap on the tiles.

His eyes seemed to be flashing with triumph, and the white steed's rider quickly disengaged himself and escaped beyond the draw. Over into the moat plunged the entangled horses, leaving upon the bridge the figure of a man whose head, in twain, filled a cleft casque.

It was a bloody sight, but the moon did not refuse to shine upon it, nor on the mailed knight who frightened the warden almost out of his wits.

With a loud cry of horror the old fellow fled from the knight, crying, "the master's ghost!" at the top of his voice.

A sardonic laugh followed the warden's action, and the mailed figure leaped up the chateau's steps, and burst in upon the assembled wedding guests. His aspect frightened all from the lofty room, save one who stood pale in her costly mourning before him.

Down came the polished visor and revealed Sir Henri's face!

"The traitor awaits thee on the drawbridge!" he cried, to Lady Anne. "Go, if thou wouldst see him!"

But she did not read the last letter which Lionel de Castray had brought through thick-set dangers from the ensanguined battle ground of the East, though she held it in her white hand while she addressed her people.

It was in the sacred solitude of her boudoir that the Lady Anne gave vent to the grief that surged up in her heart. She did not hear the mournful cries that filled every part of the old chateau; her own sorrow, as dark as the night without, shut them out with the sound of its own rising.

More than once she read the last brief message from the East, which ran as follows:

"My WIFE ANNE.—The Paynim spear has found my life's altar. Far from the land I am dying, supported by the brave Sir Lionel, whose devotion serves me when I remember the past. He has sworn to bear my last words to Hautfeur. Be to Anne his recollection, and believe that from the other world the spirit of thy crusading husband will smile upon the union. He bears my armor back to Hautfeur. Love him, Anne, for the sake of the soldier who won thee from him in the happy days." HENRI.

It was thus the bereaved wife read in the quietude of her boudoir.

Her thoughts flew to the bloody field of Acre, where Christian and Paynim, after the shock of war, lay in confused heaps. Count Henri had died in his tent while she was not thinking of danger to his gallant life.

Now, the old suitor was in possession of the field wherein the gallant crusader had vanquished him in the tournament of love. Anne had never liked him, though he was a learned, genial and brave knight. He had submitted to Count Henri's successful wooing with commendable grace, though some gossips had whispered that he meditated secret revenge.

Many days had not passed since the delivery of the unexpected message when De Castray returned to the demesne. He rode with his old bearing, his mail was burnished, and he even sung as he cantered over the sunny road.

Anne received him like a woman who is determined to obey a command that is distasteful.

Lionel de Castray's eyes flashed when he noticed this.

He told about the march to Acre, the battle beneath its walls, how Saladin looked and fought, and answered the thousand and one questions which the gentle woman asked.

The result of his frequent rides to the chateau did not surprise the servants when Anne announced it one morning.

She had given her hand to Sir Lionel after a brief widowhood.

"He was with Sir Henri," she said, in gentle extenuation of her act, "and his bosom was my lord's last pillow at Acre. It is for Henri's sake. Sir Lionel may win my heart and love from Palestine, for both are there."

De Castray was happy, and with Anne's decision in his heart, he rode like the wind to his own demesne, eager to acquaint its people with his good fortune.

But an unlooked-for person was approaching Hautfeur.

He did not touch its lands until the very wedding night was coming down upon them. There seemed to be something fatal in his appearance there at such a time.

Lionel de Castray was riding to the altar which Anne's hands had simply, yet beautifully, decked. Before it stood a suit of armor—the same which the crusader wore when he rode away to fight for the cross in the East. Above it were his swords and battle-axes crowned with myrtle, green and twining.

A brilliant moon showered a flood of mellow light upon De Castray's road. He was not hasty, for his horse galloped slowly. The count, evidently, was not thinking of an encounter.

But, all at once, a voice commanded him to halt, and glancing over his shoulder he saw the speaker. He rode a white horse and sat in the saddle with the dignity of a king. Clad in mail from pike to spur he looked like some old god, and not unlike a wraith in the weird light.

It might have been his aspect that paled De Castray's cheek, or he might have recognized the apparition, for not deigning to answer the command, he put spurs to his steed and dashed on faster than before.

"Traitor!" hissed the rider of the white horse, as that animal bounded forward in pursuit, and the iron hoofs of the steeds struck fire over the flinty road.

He shouted a warning to the little frail curtains had barely closed on Dr. Arnald's broad back before Mrs. Cameron spoke.

"Alexia, you know why I want to talk with you? It is about Ethel!—my one child, my baby Ethel! I cannot die, Alexia, unless you promise me you will ever love her, and do by her as you would wish yourself or your own done by. Alexia, you have been a good child to me, you have been my comfort and pride—I know I can trust my poor, desolate, fatherless Ethel to you. Will you accept my dying charge? Will you promise what I ask?"

Alexia was gently stroking the little frail hand, so soon to be folded in eternal stillness over the heart that was now all aglow with human longing for her child.

"Mother, you know it will be my first chief pleasure and privilege to love and care for my sister Ethel as truly as you have done.

I promise you, mother, that I will take your place to the best of my ability."

Mrs. Cameron's pallid lips smiled.

"Oh, Alexia, may the God I so soon shall see, reward you and bless you a thousand fold!

I can go ready now, and it seems that I will be permitted to tell my dear husband, Ethel's father and yours, that our baby is not alone."

She closed her long-lashed lids, and seemed to be at perfect rest, bodily and spiritually, while Alexia sat quietly beside her, smoothing the fair golden hair off the cold brow with her warm, brown fingers in which was so much blessed vitality.

Suddenly the dark, wistful eyes opened again, with almost an affrighted look in them.

"Alexia! Did I dream it, or have you promised?"

"I promised you solemnly, mother, that I would make Ethel's happiness my chief object—even before my own!"

The nervous fingers attempted to clasp Alexia's own.

"Swear it, Alexia, swear it!"

And at that solemn morning hour, at the moment of simultaneous death of the summer night and birth of the summer dawn, Alexia Cameron raised her grand, beautiful eyes toward the brightening skies, and swore.

"Before God and the holy angels, mother dear, I will obey your dying request! Ethel shall find me her best friend, who will ever regard her happiness before my own! Mother, are you satisfied now?"

A smile, that was the embodiment of heavenly peace, glorified the pallid face, and Alexia knew her mother was content.

And when the sun came royally up between purple and orange, and rose clouds, and shone through the leafy trees outside the chamber of death, Alexia knew that the memory of the peace and calm on the dear dead face would be an everlasting reward to her for her oath.

It had occurred so suddenly—Mrs. Cameron's illness and death, and Alexia had been summoned to the scene from her home in another city where she was in charge of a pleasant, profitable business, and had been for three years—ever since her father had died, leaving her second wife with both his daughters on her hands. And Alexia, in her own quiet, sweetly-determined way, immediately arranged her plans for her own independence—plans that had brought unexpected success, and great happiness, since she had met and been loved by and loved Cleve Clifford.

She had spoken of her engagement to her stepmother, on a previous visit, but had begged her to say nothing of it to any one, so that now, when the time had come that she and "baby Ethel" would go to Ethel's new house, the girl was in complete ignorance of her sister's engagement.

"It seems so heartless to intrude my happiness upon her great sorrow—I cannot find the heart to tell her yet, my poor, grieving little darling!"

She truly was a "little darling," this beloved child, this "baby Ethel" of her mother's—an ivory-complexioned beauty, with cheeks

His tone and look did not frighten the pale young countess.

Timidly and lovingly she crept to his side and looked up into his face.

"Traitor, my lord?" she said.

"The letter was a forgery, then. I was doing this for the love of these!"

The crusader's stern look relaxed. There was no deception in the wife who leaned against his hauberk, weeping for genuine love and joy.

More than once she read the last brief message from the East, which ran as follows:

"My WIFE ANNE.—The Paynim spear has found

my life's altar. Far from the land I am dying, supported by the brave Sir Lionel, whose devotion serves me when I remember the past.

It was in the sacred solitude of her boudoir that the Lady Anne gave vent to the grief that surged up in her heart. She did not hear the mournful cries that filled every part of the old chateau; her own sorrow, as dark as the night without, shut them out with the sound of its own rising.

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